

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half-year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; (Stamped Copies 1s. per Quarter extra, Payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock-st., Covent Garden.

No. 21.—VOL. XXXI.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1853.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JULLIEN.

(Continued from our last.)

It is always agreeable to contemplate the successful progress of an industrious life, and to watch the gradual attainment of an object zealously pursued—the more so when industry is well applied, and the object sought after a good one. Perhaps no speculator in the wide field of art ever met so many “ups and downs,” in the course of his struggle onward, as the subject of this memoir. His childhood, his youth, his manhood, were equally beset with obstacles; his path was strewn with more thorns than roses; but unbending will, an ardent temperament, and indefatigable courage, led him on, and helped him to avoid the first and gather the last. A poetical turn of mind, moreover, enabled Jullien to look at everything on the brighter side; and often to build hopes out of disappointments. While few men have obtained more brilliant successes, few have encountered more disheartening reverses. The great secret of profiting by adversity, however, has always been his mainstay; and while, in the height of prosperity, Jullien has never been above his calling, in the midst of failure he has never lost his self-esteem, or slackened in his energy.

Jullien is endowed with a singular organization. He has the bump of constructiveness remarkably developed. If any man ever gave the lie to the old saw—“a silk purse cannot be made out of a sow’s ear,”—by illustration to the contrary, he has assuredly done it. Give him a drum, and he will make an orchestra. There are no double-basses; Jullien will teach the double-bass to some of his superfluous cornets-à-pistons. There are no violas; he will turn fiddlers into tenors. There are no bassoons; he will fashion fagottists out of fifers. He has done this, and more, over and over again. He can create bands out of nothing—as Ronconi, by the unaided power of genius, makes great parts out of Verdi’s little operas. It is no exaggeration to maintain that Jullien has *invented* at least three first-rate orchestras in this metropolis. Not long ago, if you could not procure the Philharmonic orchestra, which was the same as that of Her Majesty’s Theatre, you could get no orchestra at all. Now, summon Mr. Jarrett, and you may have a large orchestra at three days’ notice, without inviting a single Philharmonic fiddler. (Miss Arabella Goddard’s concert last week, at the Hanover Square Rooms, to wit—when the Costaic orchestra was employed, to a man, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, in

Exeter Hall.)* To whom is this chiefly due, if not to Jullien? We would venture a bet that if Jullien were once more deprived of his orchestra—as in the time of the Grand National Concerts at the Opera in the Haymarket—he would rout up the military bands, and knock up another in a month, which should become, in the process of time, a formidable rival to the existing orchestras of London. To put Jullien “down,” as the saying is, would be little short of impossible. As well attempt to sink a cork, or kill an eel. He is “up” to everything, and “down” to everything; and twenty oppositions would fail to exterminate him. In fact he is a system, not a man (as Madame de Stael said of one who might be termed the Jullien of Emperors, had not Jullien been already styled the Napoleon of Speculators); and, though you may easily discomfit an individual, no matter what his attributes, you cannot upset a system that is founded on principles of universal truth.

Jullien’s obstinacy almost reaches the point of egotism. He never believes himself to be beaten, and is consequently never beaten. If he falls from a height, like the cat, he falls upon his feet. How often and triumphantly this has been shown, the readers of the *Musical World* are well aware. Keeping always the grand point in view of giving his countless patrons a *quid* for their *quo*, he has preserved the respect and good-will of the public in this country for so many years, that his name has become a “household word,” as familiar as Dickens or O’Connell. It is by far the most popular name of the day.

(To be continued.)

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

So loud and unanimous has been the verdict of the press on the performances at the last concert of the above society, that we deem it worth while to make a few extracts to present to our readers.

(From the Era.)

On Wednesday evening the third concert of the present session took place before a large and highly-fashionable auditory.

! On the appearance of Herr Lindpaintner, one of the conductors of the evening, a burst of applause succeeded. The band without delay commenced one of the most masterly overtures ever written, whether viewed with regard to its unceasing melody or contrapuntal skill. Herr Lindpaintner gave a somewhat different reading

* A band of sixty, complete at all points, and marshalled by a conductor at least as good as Mr. Costa—we mean Molique

to what we have been accustomed, but the beautiful inspirations with which the whole work abounds were, perhaps, never more truly made manifest. The great novelty in this part of the concert was the music of Dr. Wylde, performed for the first time—set to Milton's imperishable epic. We should have imagined this to have been almost the last subject selected for a musician's fancy. Difficulties beset him at every step. The argument is precisely that found in every edition of *Paradise Lost*. It commences with man's first disobedience, and the loss of Paradise, wherein he was placed; then touches the prime cause of his fall, Satan in the serpent, who, drawing legions of angels to his side for the purpose of revolt, was driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the bottomless abyss, "there to dwell in adamant chains and penal fire." Satan, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a while recovers, confers with his legions, informs them of an ancient prophecy in heaven about the creation of a new world. The palace of Satan, sometimes called Pandemonium rises, suddenly built out of the deep; here the infernal peers sit in council. A consultation is held, wherein one advises another battle for the recovery of their lost position, but Satan still clings to the project of going in quest of the new world to find out man. Matters fully arranged in this infernal council, their chief undertakes the voyage, and at this point of conjecture the adaptation rests. The overture, a musician-like composition in D minor, depicts the restless and agitated character of the degraded spirits; this is followed by a recitative, "Of Man's First Disobedience, &c.," and then the subject is taken up by a full chorus in the major key on the words, "Sing heavenly muse." Another recitative accompanied, "Say First," allotted to the soprano, is succeeded by a chorus in A minor, on the words, "The infernal serpent," which runs through the invocation up to where Satan

— with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus begun."

A duet in F, between Satan and Beelzebub, results in a determination to oppose the Almighty will. Satan's song in B flat minor, "Farewell, happy fields," is the second best vocal gem of the opera. Another solo by his Satanic Majesty, set in the extreme key of A flat minor, addresses itself to Princes and Potentates, once the flower of heaven, now lost. This is succeeded by a chorus in D minor, "They heard, and were abashed," intended to paint the feelings of banished angels. An instrumental prelude of great beauty leads into the most catching solo of the whole piece, "For spirits when they please" (for soprano, Miss Pyne, encored.) In this slender outline we have given the most salient points of the work. Once hearing is not sufficient to detect the many beauties which must show themselves as the music becomes familiar. The extreme keys in which some of the choruses are set, are calculated, by their in-harmonic changes, to puzzle at first many a good reader and singer too. Dr. Wylde has no cause to complain of the reception given to this his latest production, and we hope it may spur him on to try his hand in the strictly sacred school, for the dearth in that quarter is known to all men. A concerto in C minor, at the foot of the first part of the programme, was a splendid specimen of the triumph over all seeming difficulties. Miss Goddard received the most unqualified demonstrations of favour at the end of each movement, and at the close was necessitated to re-appear in compliance with a request that was universal.

Mendelssohn's symphony in A major, No. 2, known by the name of the Italian Symphony, was never, in our hearing, so faultlessly performed. Like many other works of genius, the symphony in A, written expressly for the Philharmonic Society, twenty years ago, was for a long time depreciated; at first it was laid aside, and only reproduced at rare intervals, to be imperfectly executed, under conductors who knew little about it, and cared less. Time has demonstrated that the Italian Symphony is expressly that sort of work in which the genius and individuality of the author is strikingly exhibited. The andante in D minor, perhaps the most original and admirable of all Mendelssohn's slow movements, was most enchantingly played; the tempo was correctly taken, so also the minuet and trio, which, although more largely developed, and stamped with his own individuality, is the only example Mendelssohn has left on the model of Haydn and Mozart. The finale,

a *saltarello* in the minor key, marked *presto*, was wondrously performed, and the entire movement worked up with consummate skill and finish. The principal vocalists were Miss Louisa Pyne, Messrs. Lockey and Lawler, with Herren Staudigl, Reichart, and Holzel. Conductors, Herr Lindpaintner and Dr. Wylde.

(From the News of the World.)

The third, and certainly the best, concert of the New Philharmonic Society took place on Wednesday night. The superb character of the orchestra was finely displayed in the performance of the symphony and the overtures; and it would be impossible to imagine any delivery of these great works more satisfactory. That the New Philharmonic band is entitled to a reputation of the highest kind, has been proved before, but never more emphatically than now. The chief novelty of the concert was the performance of Dr. Wylde's music to *Paradise Lost*; a subject that requires imagination, and musician-like treatment of the highest character; and it is but due to Dr. Wylde to say, that we know no English musician who could have treated so elevated a subject so admirably as he has done—it embraces grandeur of effect, originality of idea, and elaborate scoring; so that the effect produced is massive and striking; it reminds us forcibly of the best writers of symphonies, and we hope, from the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon a composition by so erudite an English composer, that we may, during the series, have the gratification of hearing some more of Dr. Wylde's compositions. The vocalists were, Miss Louisa Pyne, Herr Staudigl, Lockey, Holzel, and Reichart; Dr. Wylde conducted the performance himself, and he was recognised by the audience with all the respect and feeling due to a native artist of great merit and accomplishments. Herr Fischek, whose name was originally announced as one of the principal vocalists, did not appear, in consequence, we are informed, of a bronchial affection; but his place was amply supplied by Herr Staudigl, who sang throughout the evening with great spirit. The pianoforte concerto in C minor, of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, was excellently rendered by Miss Goddard. It was written by Mr. Bennett when only 17 or 18 years of age, and demands such consummate execution that none but the most powerful and the most adroit of fingers dare encounter it. These are qualifications belonging in a singular degree to Miss Arabella Goddard; and most brilliantly did she manifest them.

(From the Dispatch.)

The New Philharmonic Society progresses in merit and public favour. The third concert, last Wednesday, offered a most enticing programme, and the Hall was better attended than on any previous occasion. Dr. Wylde, the originator of the Society, and one of the conductors, produced the first part of his music to *Paradise Lost*. The theme is lofty, and if the composer has not met its musical requirements, he has displayed a praiseworthy ambition, and established his reputation on a much better footing than it was before. It is better to soar too high than creep too low. There is, however, in it sufficient of character to entitle us to expect greater things by-and-by, and of absolute merit to interest a large audience. The argument chiefly embraces those parts of the poem which picture the situation of Satan, after his defeat and loss of heaven, and when his spirit of defiance is unsubdued and he bitterly proclaims:—

— "Th' unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome."

And closes, after his bitter hopes of renewing the contest with success are blasted, in his resolution to search the truth of the tradition concerning another world, in which beings, spiritually, equal to himself have been created by the Deity. Two disadvantages arise out of this selection. The composer labours under the greatest difficulty to avoid "the melodramatic," and he has to encounter ungenial verse in his recitatives. How highly coloured to be immediately impressive, must be the awful downfall of the rebel angels to the lake of fire, and their leader's outpourings of immortal revenge; and how unmusical are such words as Beelzebub, Moloch, Chemosh, Moab, Baalim, and

Astaroth. "Satan's address to his discomfited hosts," a solo in E minor, is an example of the first; and the recitative, "First Moloch, horrid king," of the second. Nevertheless, Dr. Wylde's work is clever and original. He is no imitator of the effects of Weber or Meyerbeer, but relies upon his own style and ideas, discovering much power of imagination, and knowledge of the resources of his art, and the means of making them most effective. The solo, "For spirits when they please," contains a beautiful melody, most beautifully phrased, and which was vociferously encored. The chorus, also, in B flat minor, "Farewell, happy fields," reflects the sentiment in its plaintive treatment. The composition, however, fails in portraying the malignity and despair of Satan, and his chiefs, and the horrors of "illuminated hell." The reception of the work justified its introduction by the directors. Dr. Wylde, who conducted, was enthusiastically greeted. He had every assistance from Miss Louisa Pyne, Staudigl, Hoelzel, and Reichart, and Mr. Lockey. Herr Pischek was absent through indisposition. The other great performance of the evening was Mendelssohn's masterly symphony in A minor, which, though coming after a long first part, suffered nothing in effect. The fine condition of the band, enabled it, under that decisive conductor, Herr Lindpaintner, to give us the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, in magnificent perfection, and it no less distinguished itself in the rendering of the lighter and brilliant prelude to *La Gazza Ladra*, and that to *Oberon*. Miss Goddard, who has placed herself at the head of English pianists, ably executed (and from memory) Mr. Bennett's very graceful concerto in C minor. Owing to a misunderstanding between the conductor of the Philharmonic Society and Mr. Bennett, Miss Goddard was not allowed to play this piece in the Hanover Square Rooms; but the directors of the new and rival body gladly profited by the opportunity which mismanagement had supplied; and it is somewhat curious, and we may add ridiculous, that Mr. Bennett, director of the old Philharmonic, should have his composition rejected by that body, and accepted by the new, a direct and a severely felt antagonist. Our business, however, is not with squabbles. We have only to state, that the concerto was admirably played, both with regard to its mechanical difficulties and that mental power without which the higher objects of the art are entirely obscured. A scene from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* was out of place; but, with this one exception, the programme was blameless. An air from Mozart's neglected opera of the *Seraglio*, and a "lied" by Lindpaintner, deserved the great applause that they obtained.

(From the *Britannia*.)

The third concert took place on Wednesday evening last in presence of a crowded audience. The great feature of interest was the performance of Dr. Wylde's music to *Paradise Lost*, a work which betokens, in no ordinary degree, the hand and judgment of a musician and a poet. Dr. Wylde has evidently deeply studied the divine poem he has chosen for his subject, and his music is thoroughly imbued with its spirit. The overture is grand and masterly, descriptive of the mingled feelings of rage and despair with which the fallen angels brood over their downfall. A fine recitative effectually sung by Herr Hoelzel, leads to the first chorus "Sing Heavenly Muse," a singularly ingenious and happy composition, which was loudly applauded. Our space will not, however, allow us to give the careful analysis we would wish of Dr. Wylde's highly successful work; we must, therefore, content ourselves with the general remark that his subjects are fresh, beautiful, and admirably contrasted, and that the treatment, orchestral, contrapuntal, and harmonic, are such as to stamp him at once as a composer of first-rate ability. We must, however, mention that the chorus, "The Infernal Serpent," was as beautiful and effective as it was original and descriptive, and that it narrowly escaped the encore which was with one consent given to the exquisitely lovely solo, "For spirits when they please," which was most charmingly interpreted by Miss Louisa Pyne. We never heard her sing better; the subject was really inspiring. The simple speaking melody, with its airy and graceful orchestral accompaniments, is one of those spontaneous effusions of genius which cannot fail to excite sympathy and enthusiasm. Dr. Wylde, both on his entry and at the conclusion, was most loudly cheered. We have often had occasion to speak of Miss Arabella Goddard in terms of unqualified admiration,

and her execution of Sterndale Bennett's clever and extremely difficult concerto, displayed powers which are truly astounding in one so young. The allegro maestoso exhibited classical repose, vigorous energy, and sound judgment; the andante espressivo was given with poetical expression, and a tone and phrasing absolutely delicious, and the final allegro with marvellous dexterity of mechanism, and a perfect command of light and shade amidst the most rapid execution. The applause at the end of each movement was unanimous and enthusiastic, and at the termination of the concerto was so unceasing, that the youthful and interesting artist was obliged to appear again on the platform. Mendelssohn's magnificent symphony in A major, was, under Herr Lindpaintner's skilful guidance, faultlessly executed. Herr Pischek was prevented by indisposition from attending, but his place was supplied by Herr Staudigl, who sang throughout the evening with his wonted care and energy. Herr Reichart's interpretation of Mozart's aria, deserves honourable mention, and also the perfect performance of Rossini's brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, which brought the concert triumphantly to a close.

MOLIQUE'S FIRST SOIREE.

ON Wednesday evening, Mr. Molique gave the first of "Three Concerts of Chamber Music," at Willis's Rooms, St. James's.

There can be no surer proof of the advance of musical taste and intelligence among us, than is afforded by the support given to entertainments of this kind. The monster concerts, once so much in vogue, and made up of materials as ill-assorted as they were flimsy, are now of much rarer occurrence. Our audiences no longer tolerate *quantity* as a substitute for *quality*; nor do they value even the most marvellous facility of execution when unaccompanied by more solid and intellectual artistic attainments.

How many a continental "lion" has discovered to his cost, that England is not, after all, so very deficient in musical acumen, as he had been led to suppose;—though with respect to the said would-be "lions," it is but fair to acknowledge that many of them have no more real claim to the name, than had the slayer of Thisbe's lover Pyramus—indeed these would fare better if they would deliver, as a prelude to their performance, the well-known address:—

"Ye ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the Joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life!"

Mr. Molique is in all respects the very opposite of these pretenders. The verdict of all the countries he has visited has fully confirmed the high reputation which he had previously acquired in his own. Both as a composer and as a violinist he stands in the first rank; while his constant and unostentatious devotion to the higher branches of his art has earned for him the respect and esteem of all those who take interest in the progress of music.

The programme on Wednesday comprised:—Two Quartetts

(Haydn in B flat major, op. 64; and Molique in A minor, op. 44).

The latter (if we mistake not) was introduced for the first time by its composer, at the second of his *soirées* last season. It is still in MS.; but is so excellent, that all lovers of quartett-playing will rejoice to see it published.

Both quartetts were most faultlessly executed by Messrs. Molique, Mellon, Hill, and Piatti.

In addition to these :—

Mendelssohn's well-known, but never *too* well-known Trio in D minor.

Mr. Pauer, who undertook the piano part, proved himself no unworthy coadjutor of Molique and Piatti. Higher praise can hardly be given. His reading of the slow movement, especially, was remarkable for its purity, breadth, and elegance.

Although there was no "analytical programme," or "synopsis," to instruct the audience where to applaud, they did so nevertheless with great warmth, and (if we may venture to say it) with discrimination also.

Madlle. Büry, the new German "*Liedersängerin*," had been engaged, and her name announced in the bills; but it would appear that at the last moment she declared herself "suddenly indisposed."

It is to be hoped that Madlle. Büry is not subject to frequent attacks of indisposition; otherwise concert givers, both public and private, will prefer to engage ladies whose health can be counted upon with greater certainty.

In this dilemma, Mr. Molique came to the rescue with his violin; and played first Bach's "*Chaconne*," and later his "*Bourré and Double*," with such incomparable perfection of mechanism, certainty of intonation, and power of tone, that few among his audience can have regretted the accident which procured them the opportunity of hearing so admirable a performance.

After two solos on the pianoforte—(Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor, and Beethoven's Rondo in G major), most excellently played by Mr. Pauer—three very elegant "*Melodies for Violin and Pianoforte*," performed by their composer Mr. Molique, with Mr. Pauer as pianist, brought the concert to a close.

The next of the series will take place on the 8th of June.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S CONCERT.

(From the Daily News.)

Miss Arabella Goddard's concert, which took place here on Friday night, stands conspicuous among the concerts of the season, both on account of the general attractions of the programme, and of the high and rare merits of the fair concert giver. It is but seldom now that what are called "benefit concerts" consist of anything beyond some vapid vocal music, and a few instrumental solos, with a meagre pianoforte accompaniment; an orchestra but rarely enters into the scheme. When, therefore, we find an artist taking high ground, and putting forth an entertainment of real musical value, and

offering more than an equivalent for the prices of admission, the fact is deserving of honourable mention. The concert of Friday night was on a Philharmonic scale, an excellent orchestra being assembled under the conductorship of Herr Molique.

Of course, the chief attraction of the evening was the pianoforte playing of Miss Goddard, whose reception by an audience, among whom were many of our principal professors and amateurs, indicated the high position which the lady has already taken by her recent performances of classical music. Of Mendelssohn's two pianoforte Concertos, the first in G minor is the one more generally chosen; it is, perhaps, the more effective with a general audience. The other work, however, is of an equally high order, and of a deeper cast of thought; while it certainly presents a greater amount of difficulty to the executant, who has, moreover, to contend against the recollection (yet fresh in the minds of many) of its marvellous interpretation by Mendelssohn himself at the Philharmonic Concerts some seasons since. It is high praise, but no more than just, when we record our opinion that Miss Goddard's execution of this work is the finest that has been heard here, excepting, of course, the composer's own performance of it. For untiring rapidity of finger, powerful octave playing, delicacy of touch, and beautiful tone, Miss Goddard is certainly unsurpassed by any pianist of the day, while there are but few who can compare with her. Nor is it merely in mechanism that she excels: her reading of Mendelssohn's concerto was excellent, her phrasing always impressive, yet never affected. The adagio was given with so much expression as to call forth loud applause; while at the last movement (taken at the utmost speed) the long series of difficult arpeggio passages were executed with an unfaltering finger, the canto being prominently sustained throughout. The same unwearied power of finger was displayed in the performance of Mendelssohn's Caprice, one of the extraordinary pieces of continuous impetuosity which even Mendelssohn has produced. The performance of this movement, commenced and sustained at lightning speed, was hailed with a burst of delight. In Macfarren's clever quintett Miss Goddard showed that she is as much at home in concertante as in solo playing. An interesting feature in this concert was the first appearance of Fraulien Agnes Bury, of the Dresden Opera, and the Leipzig concerts. This lady achieved a decided success, and will doubtless be heard much more of. She has a pure soprano voice, not of very great power, but of beautiful quality; while her intonation is excellent, and her style full of expression and dramatic feeling. Her rendering of Mendelssohn's scena (which improves with each successive hearing) was highly impassioned, and full of refined pathos. The lied by Grall was not worthy to be coupled with Mendelssohn's charming song; and the encore which it gained was owing to the long-sustained note with the crescendo rather than to any intrinsic merit in itself. Piatti's charming performance of Molique's clever concerto was as successful as on its previous production by the Philharmonic Society.

(From the Morning Herald.)

Miss Arabella Goddard gave her annual concert on Friday night at the Hanover-square Rooms. This concert was one of the few that is properly entitled to the epithet "grand," for a large orchestra of some fifty or sixty performers was engaged, including many of the best players which the present plethoric state of the metropolis as regards instrumental artists affords. The enterprise in this respect was the more valuable from its extreme rarity; while it enabled the beneficeaire to enrich her programme with works which can never

be heard, excepting at large orchestral associations. Under the accomplished and experienced guidance of Herr Molique the "lady" symphony of Beethoven was delivered with admirable effect. It could not well have been given with greater point, brilliancy, or contrast. The orchestra, besides this, had other critical duties to fulfil. The accompaniments to the pianoforte concerto in D minor of Mendelssohn, and the violoncello concerto of Molique (that which was played at the last concert of the Philharmonic), both of which were included in the programme, involved responsibilities of a serious kind; but these, also, were discharged to perfection, and as regards practical excellence, and the facts resulting from it, nothing could be more satisfactory. The performances of Miss Goddard consisted of the pianoforte part in Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor, and Macfarren's quintet in G minor; the incident of the second part of the concert being Mendelssohn's Barcarole in F sharp minor, and his celebrated Caprice, from the *Temperaments*, in the same key. These several works demonstrated the high-class ability which characterises this young English artist in several distinct walks. Her recent performances at the Quartet Association, and at other concerts, placed her among the best pianists of the day, and she has little further fame to achieve among those whose tastes and experiences in the strictly-classical domains of the art enable them to form an opinion and pronounce a judgment. Her execution both of the concerto and the quintet—the former one of the greatest pianoforte works bequeathed to the world by its illustrious composer—discloses similar practical maturities on her part to those which we have eulogised upon former occasions; and the reading in each case, while it betrayed the greatest manual proficiency, bespoke also the true intelligences of the artist. The "Caprice" of Mendelssohn we never heard played with such extreme velocity, excepting by the composer himself. In the course of the evening Fraulein Agnes Bury, from Dresden, made her first appearance in this country. This vocalist, who possesses a soprano voice of great beauty and flexibility, is likely to make a considerable sensation as the season advances. She sang Mendelssohn's great scena, "Unglückselige," with a largeness of phrasing and energy essentially dramatic; and in one of the two *lieder*, which she introduced in the second part of the concert, she obtained a unanimous encore. Herr Reichardt was also one of the vocal contributors. The room was crowded.

GRISI AND MARIO

THE incomparable pair have positively signed an engagement to go to America in the autumn, and to remain for five months. They signed on Wednesday. For their five months' trip, Grisi and Mario receive seventeen thousand pounds and have all their expenses paid. They are to appear exclusively in Operas. Previous to their departure for America, at the close of the Royal Italian Opera campaign this season, the incomparable twain purpose paying a flying visit to Italy, but not professionally. They will hie them to the balmy south to replenish, and will preserve all their professions for Yankee-land. May they thrive in all places!

CAROLINA ROSATI.

THE lovely and accomplished daughter of Terpsichore, Carolina Rosati, whose name recalls so many brilliant triumphs at Her Majesty's Theatre, has arrived in London, and is at this moment in treaty with the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera. The engagement of so remarkable an artist

cannot fail to convert the apathy of the Subscribers for the ballet into absolute enthusiasm. Rosati has but to appear, to enchain universal sympathy. We trust nothing will intervene to prevent the *debut* of Carolina Rosati at the Royal Italian Opera.

MARRIAGE IN VERY HIGH LIFE.

(From Punch.)

MARRIED, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 11th instant, by Dr. WYLDE, MUSIC to IMMORTAL VERSE; the latter having been selected from Milton's "Paradise Lost," and the former composed by Dr. Wyld himself. The marriage ceremony attracted a large concourse of persons, to whom its performance appeared to afford high gratification. We have much pleasure in stating that the match is considered a very satisfactory one by the friends of both parties, notwithstanding the exalted position of one of them in the poetical world. The other, however, it should be remarked, is of genuine English parentage; a fact which refutes the fashionable supposition that the higher class of music is necessarily of Italian or German origin.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THIS illustrious composer has arrived in London, for the purpose of superintending the production of his Grand semi-serious Opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, at the Royal Italian Opera; and of conducting an act of his own music at the Old Philharmonic Society.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

One of the best concerts ever given at the Musical Union was that of Tuesday. The executants were MM. Vieuxtemps, Goffrie, Hill, and Piatti, with the addition of Signor Bottesini, who lent his invaluable assistance on the double-bass, in Onslow's 5th quintet, in D, with which the concert began. Like all the music of Onslow, this quintet is clever and ingenious; but the want of inspiration throughout is hardly atoned for by the musicianly knowledge it displays. It was finely performed, and the neat and masterly execution of Signor Bottesini excited special admiration. The grand quintet of Mendelssohn, No. 2, in B flat, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, was a treat of quite another kind. This was the last chamber composition which its great composer lived to complete, and forms one of the most important in the list of "posthumous" publications, for the tardy appearance of which the musical world has to thank the four gentlemen at Leipsic, who have been intrusted with the care of the manuscripts. The quintet in B flat was first introduced in London by Mr. Lucas at one of his "classical" *soirées*, and has since been played several times, and described as often. On no occasion do we remember it to have been so admirably executed as on Tuesday. M. Vieuxtemps surpassed himself. His reading of the slow movement, in D minor, was equal to any performance we have heard upon the violin. The quintet created the greatest impression, and bids fair to rival in popularity its predecessor—No. 1, in A major. A *sonata* of Tartini (No. 2), for violoncello and double bass, although irreproachably executed by Signors Piatti and Bottesini, was scarcely worth revival. Its antiquated style and monotonous quaintness were unredeemed by any show of learning, fancy, or invention.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of the morning's performance was the pianoforte-playing of Mademoiselle Wilhelmina Clauss. The genial *sonata* in E flat of Beethoven (No. 3 of the too much neglected set dedicated to Salieri), executed to perfection by this highly-gifted lady and M. Vieuxtemps, gave unanimous satisfaction. It was a legitimate example of duet-playing; there was no preponderance on either side; neither performer attempted to produce an effect at the expense of the other, while both zealously endeavoured to realize the intentions of Beethoven. The result was an *ensemble* that left nothing to be desired. The applause bestowed upon Mademoiselle Clauss and M. Vieuxtemps at the conclusion was not less hearty than well merited. Mr. Ella did wisely in introducing this *sonata* to his subscribers, and was lucky in finding such accomplished artists to execute it. The latest *sonatas* of Beethoven are prodigies of genius and research; but the earlier ones (and those dedicated to Salieri are among the very earliest) have a charm peculiar to them, which may stand the test against much that is more elaborate and profound. At the end of the concert Mademoiselle Clauss played No. 1 of the second book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and Stephen Heller's spirited sketch, *La Chasse*—exhibiting as much true sentiment in the one, as energy and mechanical proficiency in the other. The room was literally crammed, although, in consequence of the unusual influx to the concerts this season Mr. Ella had provided two extra rows of seats.

THE LITERARY FUND DINNER.

A LETTER FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN IN LONDON.

It was a graceful and glittering scene—as graceful and glittering as plate, and glass, and music, and muslin, and eyes, and all the other delicacies of the season could make it—in the Freemasons' Hall the other day. I had arrived early (dinner time never being a lucid interval with me) and being hungry, nibbled my bread—within, of course, the limits of decorum—and, being idle, criticised the guests—within, of course, the limits of amiability.

I had never seen any authors before, as far as I knew, (except one, the editor of the Court Guide, who called upon me to say something about myself, for that publication,) and I was most happy to find them such a happy and flourishing race; their hair cut, and their collars *not* turned down, and with none of the eccentricities of seventh-rate genius which I had been led to expect. There I was, waiting for my dinner, in the midst of three or four hundred of the most accomplished men in Europe. The worst of it was I could not distinguish one from the other. I asked an intelligent stranger, who pointed out a little sharp-featured man as the author of *Vanity Fair*, and a burly country gentleman as the author of *Zanoni* and the *Letters to John Bull*. I was delighted, and my hero-worship having tasted blood, thirsted for more. I was disappointed, however, (that is to say I was not,) for now came the dinner, which had long since been ordered to lie on the table, and the more distinguished guests, who, being literary, might be expected to lie under it.

And now, when the crisis had arrived—when all the gentlemen were in their places, and all the ladies—who can never be out of place—were in theirs,—when something had been said, or sung, which I am informed was grace, and something had succeeded it, which I am informed was silence,—then, at that festive moment, had I been ill-natured, I might have discovered a skeleton at the table, who, though he would have

found it difficult to get a seat, might nevertheless have considerably damaged my dinner. I might have contracted the outward gorgeous festivity with the inward financial corruption of the society; I might have quarrelled with my soup, because the committee were supposed to “spoil the broth” of its government. I might have been on bad terms with my turbot because the amiable and really zealous secretary was enabled to enjoy his—by not being sufficiently absurd to refuse two thousand a year—something over or under—for the performance of light and agreeable duties. I might have drawn an analogy between the society and the Roman Empire in its luxurious and bewildering decadence; or France in the dissipated but delightful later days of the old regime. And I might have trembled at the contingency of a similar financial fall: but I did not do anything of the kind. I have nothing to do with the *Athenæum*, and I never read the daily papers. I am not one of those who come to dine and remain to moralize, so I made myself perfectly contented, and was not distressed at an announcement which reached my ear in a whisper of thunder, that the society was going to the devil, or some equally popular destination. I even liked the dinner, which is wonderful, considering that it consisted of all the delicacies of the season—before last. I have a natural taste for whitebait unadorned, and rather prefer taking the brown bread and butter subsequently by itself, and the lemon and cayenne haphy with the cheese. To expect to get what you want and when you want it on such a very festive occasion, is to be too particular. But I am disturbed from my reverie by something like another event; and now rises from the chair the pale president of the day. What dark eyes, what waving hair, what sunken intellectual cheeks, what an immaculate toilette!

Were I not a great admirer of his, I should say that he looked like a ghost of the Hebrew persuasion; as it is, I simply remark that he is melancholy and gentlemanlike—this last a vulgar word for which I must be excused. His “make up,” in fact, is perfect as a piece of effect—white—white, wherever white is possible; and deteriorated only by a tendency towards *loudness* in the cravat. He rises with emphasis, as he does anything, and for the next five, ten, or twenty minutes, everybody has time to regard him at their leisure. The ladies, whom he has drawn in immense numbers, evince a discourtesy to one another most complimentary to their common object, in their eagerness to behold him. He stands like an oracle, with such a glare of eyes upon his countenance that you wonder why he does not put up a parasol. He sits, and there is a pause: the oracle has only proposed the Queen's health “in appropriate terms,” as the newspapers said next day. Fancy such a sublime being saying anything “appropriate!”

He rises once more:—there is not quite so much expectation; and disappointment is lessened in proportion. The next toast is categorical, and even more ignobly appropriate. He rises for the third time, and is at last safely started for an hour and a half. The exordium is deliberate, not to say solemn; so exordiums should be; great orators reserve their strength. He continues—he is certainly solemn now; never mind, the effect will be all greater when it comes. Such a man dares not make an ineffective speech upon such a subject. Another ten minutes passes, and the point does not arrive; the speech is still solemn, more so than before, and somebody near me (evidently in the pay of the coalition,) says “ponderous.” In point of fact, the speech suddenly concludes without the great effort being made, and people look at one

another, and discover that they have been "preached at" for about seven hours (reckoning not by the mere mechanical measurement of time, but by after-dinner impatience,) that those who came to admire remained to yawn; that somehow the great gun of the evening had made the longest flash of the pan on record; that the lion had not roared, but had only been serious and "appropriate." Most incomprehensible and incongruous conduct in a lion. The fact was, as all the wise persons (who did not deem to be present on the occasion,) the noble beast was not in his native jungle. There, in that great senatorial assembly—and there only—can he roar and roam at his ease. Nowhere else is he at home. And hence—not to stand upon ceremony—the fact that he was very respectably prosy, and bored every body rather than otherwise.

"How disappointing!" said all who dared venture an opinion. "How disappointing!" thought all, whether they said anything or not. The failure was the more to be regretted by the admirers of the distinguished man, because the same amount of solemnity and decorum now brought to bear upon an after-dinner speech, would inevitably have carried the budget through the house; and we all know how that was lost, less by its own merits or demerits, than by the suicidally slashing mode in which it was propounded.

But no more regrets; I still sit, fatally fascinated, drinking absurd port, and in training for an inevitable head-ache. I hear other speakers, and duly respond to other sentiments. Nothing in particular is said, though a good deal of time was occupied in saying it; and I am now awake to an important fact, that I am at a literary dinner without—almost without—literary men. Who are the prominent persons upon the occasion? Even the chairman is not *par excellence* a literary man, though he claims to have no other escutcheon than that of a "gentleman of the press." A youthful lord near him is not in any sense a literary man. Next comes an accomplished gentleman, who has written some poems about the East, but literature is not his profession. A professor follows, he has written a great deal about "unsuccessful great men," being an unsuccessful small one himself—perhaps he may be more properly included in the category. The remainder are made up of stray members of parliament, who have composed speeches, and mayhap concocted things about cotton, and *voulo tout!*

I have been amused on the whole, so I will not complain, but I might, if I chose, describe the occasion as the unsuccessful festival of a mismanaged society. I have no wish, however, to do so, and perhaps no right, for the majority present seemed to be rather glad that they had come. Whether it was the wine—which was new, or the jokes—which were old—I cannot say, but it is very certain, that the frigidity of the early part of the evening, gave place, towards its close, to a considerable amount of jocularity; a contrast which must have been very conspicuous to the ladies, who are sober on those occasions; and who may be said (as I facetiously remarked at the time) to have found us marble—to have left us—*bricks!*

Dramatic.

SURREY.—On Monday the operatic season commenced here, under the direction of Miss Romer, and a crowded audience welcomed the fair lessee back to her post. There are some new engagements announced. Among these are Miss P. Horton (in place of the popular Miss Poole, who is fulfilling an engagement at the Princesses' Theatre), and Miss

Lowe, her first appearance on the stage in London. Of this lady, who is already known as a concert-singer, report speaks very favourably. The opera was the *Siege of Rochelle*, a work produced by Mr. Balfe ere he had rid the vivacity of his muse of that meretricious glare and ornament of which he has since disencumbered her. Still, though a very uneven work, the *Siege of Rochelle* is a pretty opera; and though the music leaves few or no "stings in the memory," it has enough of the fanciful and pleasing to arouse and sustain the attention of a mixed audience. Of the performance little need be said, as Miss Romer has judiciously reserved her new faces until after the holidays. Messrs. Travers and Borroni were as effective as ever. There were the usual number of encores, and Miss Romer acted and sang with quite her accustomed grace and vivacity. The opera was followed by a ballet, in which Miss Palmer, one of the most pleasing of our native danseuses, appeared, and the evening's amusements concluded with a piece called "*The Tio-Doloreux*," written to introduce the young and pretty Miss Eliza Nelson in a variety of characters. With so very youthful an artist, the attempt cannot, of course, be regarded as more than one of promise. Her personation, however, of a French *soubrette* had a freshness and naiveté worthy of a far more experienced actress. The piece, which is written by Mr. T. Craven, has the full amount of point and fun that such ephemera can commonly claim.

Foreign.

NANTES.—Rachel played Adrienne Lecouvreur on Sunday; remarks on her brilliant genius is needless. The prices were doubled, and even the orchestra turned into numbered seats to witness the performance.

ST. PETERSBURG.—M. John Thomas, the distinguished Harpist, gave his last *Matinée* in the Salle Lichenthal on the 29th of April, which was very fashionably attended. M. Thomas, on leaving for England, takes with him the best wishes of our dilettanti and harpists in particular.

Original Correspondence.

ORGAN COMMITTEES!

The Anti-Christian Society for promoting discussions in the Church, and the total annihilation of that useless specimen of frail humanity—

The Church Organist!

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR.—It is a comfort to all organists, and professors of music generally, that they have one friend upon whom they can rely—to whom they can unreservedly speak, and from whom they are ever sure to meet with sympathy in cases of need. That friend, though hidden from the gaze of the rude world, yet opens freely the pages of "*The World*" musical, to all who have a right to speak, or acts of intolerance to disclose; at once becoming the champion of the oppressed, and the enemy of all injustice, by sending forth to the world, through *The World*, the various facts—almost incredible as they sometimes are—communicated by his "correspondents!"

All organists—I mean true, legitimate organists—must, I am sure, rejoice that, through your all-powerful medium, some attention has at last been drawn to the degradations to which they have been subjected. Long, long ago should these things have been brought to light. All organists, however, are not so happily circumstanced as to be independent of their Christian oppressors, but are sometimes compelled to "*hold the candle*" to somebody for the sake of this world's goods! It does seem monstrous that a body of men—educated men, as organists ought to be—and I

am proud to know that although some pettifoggers are in the field, usurping the birthrights of the genuine artist, there are many who dare defy the frowns of an oppressor rather than sacrifice their principles upon the "golden" altar, or humbly express their gratitude for any indignity offered them by the "impertinent interference," as your correspondent "Musico" justly terms it, of those "dress'd in a little brief authority!"

Apart from the musical profession, every man must have felt his blood boil at the treatment lately described in the *Musical World*, which Mr. Walsley, Mr. Horsley, and the gentleman to whom "Musico" refers, have received from the hands—I fear I must also add, *from the hearts*, of certain "organ committees," though their hearts must be very much akin to the stony ground upon which the seed was sown!

It is melancholy to reflect what an amount of *preaching* will be required from the *heads* of such committees to soften the hearts and save the souls of the inferior members, especially when the *heads* can act towards organists as I know one "minister of God" and "ambassador of Christ" in a provincial town, has lately acted towards his organist. The facts of the case I allude to are as follows:—

The organist held an appointment under the minister in question at one of the parish churches (excepting during a couple of years or so, when he was abroad completing his professional studies), for a period of nine or ten years! In the *whole course* of this time, to my own personal knowledge, he was *never* absent from his post but *twice*, excepting in any time of sickness. It happened in the course of last year he was entrusted with the superintendence of a large organ, then building in his town, for a reverend gentleman, an intimate and valued friend, in Lancashire. In December last the organ was completed, and my young friend, the organist, was invited to preside at the opening of the instrument on a certain Sunday. In the letter of invitation, the reverend gentleman also sent a message to my friend's incumbent, soliciting, *as a favour*, the loan of his organist for the day, which was duly delivered and *shown* to him, but met with an INSTANT REFUSAL, under the plea that it would only "lead to further indulgences!" Now here was an organist who had striven to serve his minister faithfully, and had *never before* asked a leave of absence during so many years' service, and one whom the minister *professed to value highly*, yet was he refused so trifling a request upon such a paltry pretext! In two or three days after, my friend addressed a letter of expostulation, and resigning his appointment, if the usual privileges of an organist were withheld from him, among which he claimed the right of organ pupils, which, as in the case described by "Musico," had been withdrawn. At this the minister took umbrage, and in reply to my friend's expostulatory, and, I know, *gentlemanly* letter—for I have seen a copy of it—favours him with a condescending *three lines*, merely to accept his resignation, and afterwards industriously circulates among the congregation that his refusal was *ONLY* *CONDITIONAL*, which, to say the least of, and craving his reverence's pardon, was a slight departure from the truth, as his *decided verbal refusal* was *heard by others in the church at the time he gave it*.

In this state of affairs, my friend kept his appointment, and opened the Lancashire organ, *leaving a competent substitute for his own home duty, who was refused!* Consequently no organ was heard in the morning service. In the evening the minister procured an organist, (whose duty it was to be at his own church, according to the rev. gentleman's reasoning in my friend's case), *from another church*, rather than have the substitute provided. The consequence was, the congregation began to accuse my friend of having neglected his duty, and left no one to officiate for him, under which stigma he has been allowed to remain, as the impression has been permitted to pass current by those who *could* and ought to have contradicted it. A few weeks after, my friend was informed by a note, couched in terms as ungentlemanly as any gentleman could well use, that on the following Sunday he might absent himself, as a candidate for the appointment would play. To this note a postscript was added, requesting the keys of the music boxes to be sent, that the books might be got at. Now, excepting some half-dozen books, *all the music* then in use at the church was the *PRIVATE* property of the organist, who

had placed it at the disposal of the church so long as he held the appointment. Consequently, my friend did not comply with the "polite" request to deliver up his keys, and, not feeling in the humour for others to use his brains as they thought fit, he locked up all his *OWN* music in *his own private* boxes, placed at *his own expense* in the organ-loft, leaving out *ALL* that belonged to the church. At a rehearsal of the candidate and choir on the Saturday evening, these *PRIVATE* boxes were, in the *most gentlemanly manner*, BURST OPEN, and use made of my friend's music for the next day's purposes! The only excuse I can advance to justify such an act, is, that one of the choir-books had been taken by my friend to his home for *re-copying*, and which I can only *hope* was wanting at rehearsal, and which would have been sent had information been given of such rehearsal; but as no such information was given, my friend of course took it for granted that if the book was there in time for the Sunday service, *which it was*, he had fulfilled all that could be expected of him.

My dear Mr. Editor, were I to detail all the after-circumstances incidental to this affair, I should fill every page of this week's *World*, which, I suspect, neither you nor your readers would approve of; and I much question the propriety of intruding upon your kindness and valuable space still further. But I feel sure you will pardon a little extra length in such a cause for this once. The candidates for the appointment played on successive Sundays, during which time my friend merely officiated on the week night services, and from which his worthy incumbent almost invariably absented himself, rather than listen to the man *once his favourite*, but now his eye-sore! And as if determined to show that the organists should be *crushed into their proper* sphere the moment he could dispense with his eye-sore, and in order that, after all, it should appear that his organist had been *discharged* a full month before the term of *resignation* (mark the word *resignation*—for my friend did resign) had expired, he sent him a cheque, with the polite intimation that he had "*much pleasure*" in dispensing at once with his services!

Thus, Sir, was the history of this, I should say, most unparalleled instance of injustice. Never, I should think, has an organist received greater indignity, and certainly never with *less cause*; for, by the minister's own acknowledgment, my friend was entitled to "*one or two Sundays' leave of absence in each year*," *which he had never taken advantage of!* I dare not trust myself to give my own feelings free vent of expression; but is it not monstrous that any body of men should be so servilely treated, that they should be compelled to wear livery or starve? 'Tis high time the organists of England should protect themselves, and if they receive not the respect due to them, show their employers that they at least respect themselves. Something ought and must be done to place the organist upon his proper footing as a man and as a gentleman. Let each assert and maintain his own just rights. As it stands, I hold the office of organist to be one of the most degrading and contemptible—not *as an office*, but from the treatment that office, as in the case alluded to, is subjected. Yet, let us hope many organists are treated as gentlemen, and can speak as favourably as your correspondent, Mr. Stephens, does. What real pleasure it would afford *all*, if they received similar treatment from those in office. Although I have written so long a letter, I must crave your indulgence to return to the subject at a future time, and live in hopes that, ere long, organists may have nothing to complain of.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

In all sincerity, yours,

VERITAS.

May 18th, 1853.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

DEAR SIR,—A very pretty question might be put to any debating society in this form, "Which do us most harm, our friends, or our enemies?" If the French saying be true "*on peut pardonner les injures, mais non les ridicules*," our friends are the worst. Might we not put another question far more subtle, searching, and metaphysical, in the shape of "Are we not ourselves often our greatest enemies?"

I have been led to these remarks by the remarkable letter of your correspondent, "French Flowers," which appeared in last week's number of the *Musical World*. Mr. French Flowers, who, by the bye, seems to have discarded his fine, old, baronial, mighty, saintly, and, above all these, the truly English name of George! (*Chacun a son (mauvais) goût*;) has met with a not over-pleasant reception from Messrs., the directors of the "Réunion des Arts," the *animus* of which he thinks is enough to raise the dead, even the Abbé Vogler, and the many years defunct contrapuntal society into life, *à coup des épingles*!

Mr. G. F. F. may be a very *sweet* man, for he can smile while he writes daggers, and without the fear, I trust, of having a certain quotation hurled at him. He may be a very *worthy* man, for he can tell us so, and in a marvellously complacent style, in a manner peculiarly his own, and in which none but himself (fortunately) can be his parallel! He may also be a *learned* man, but that I much doubt, though he can write contrapuntal-conundrums, dressed in "little old men's hats" and characters, that fairly put to flight the cuniform mysteries of Nineveh, and the hieroglyphics of Egyptian legend!

But what demon could have induced him to "rush into print" again, and again to "write himself down" a certain quadruped in such utter *simplicity*, I am at loss to imagine. To say nothing of the Eleusinian, mysterious invective against the worthy recordist and the teacher of music, whose no small fault is that of being "tall," and he (your correspondent) so little, why ransack his memory for every common expression in it?

The case seems perfectly clear, short, and simple, and lies in a nutshell.

The directors of the "Réunion des Arts" having done Mr. F. F. the honour of inviting him often to their meetings, and finding that not even one of them had been graced by the attendance of the great little man, (or little great man, which ever you please my pretty dears!) resolved not to commit a similar error in their next session, feeling, no doubt, the recipient of their favours not a little unworthy of them. This view at once throws a light upon the *animus* shewn, and perfectly accounts for the honest indignation of the tall Mr. Kiallmark, whose hands, as stated, were no doubt fast locked behind him, to prevent any further token of his displeasure as a director, should it be ever so imperatively necessary.

Mr. Kiallmark's position in society, as well as in the profession he adorns, his gentlemanly demeanour, and kind heart, are too well known and appreciated to be disturbed by the angry diatribes of so atrabilius a temperament as that of Mr. French Flowers, who, from his own shewing, merits all he got, if not something more than mere expulsion.

As usual, Mr. F. F. avails himself of the puff-direct opportunity! He measures not swords, but words, he dares an attack on musical matters. Thus, armed with a 40-horse contrapuntal power, he defies his enemy to mortal (musical) combat. "Come on! come on if you dare—Goliah! among teachers of music, see before thee little David, who, with a Vogler sling, will assuredly slay thee"! Thus, thus, he cries out

"Affrighted nature stands aghast!"

Since the above was written, the respected Chairman and Hon. Secretary of the Réunion des Arts, have made statements which fairly meet the case. For the information of the extremely vulgar Birmingham Inquirer, whose letter bears upon it a strange affinity to that of F. F.'s, it may be as well to state, that Mr. Kiallmark is well known as a teacher and pianist of eminence, though not an exponent of his powers at the Philharmonic; that he has a firm and well-balanced hand, a pliable wrist, a finger finely modified to produce an extremely varied touch, with good tone. He plays with great power and brilliancy, and his treatment of the subject he plays over, displays that intellectual grasp which serves to exhibit a talent of no common order. This, from one to whom personally he is almost a stranger, will, no doubt, be excused. Whether so or not, I am sure he will join with me in quoting from F. F.'s letter the following: "It is a sad stigma on so divine an art as music, that even the most industrious and ardent professors of it cannot be shielded from abuse."

Bravo! Mr. French Flowers, this is capital, coming where it does!—a very Daniel show! Of all correspondents which have

appeared in the *Musical World*, who has been so often remonstrated with, or more severely reprehended for this very vice as he? not one! a mere glance at your valuable journal will prove it. But I would fain conclude with a far more agreeable subject than Mr. F. F., or anything appertaining to him, except to his credit, and that will never be withheld by me from private or public estimation. I beg to record the high gratification which the extraordinary performances of Arabella Goddard have afforded me; she will, I am sure, appreciate the meed of one who was so nearly allied to the incomparable George Aspull; and from one who has been the means of ushering into the musical world many a youthful candidate for its applause. It is most gratifying to find in one so young, a talent just within the verge of a miracle, and yet possessing that enthusiasm and the modesty ever inseparable from a great genius—and it is even more gratifying to find a room of first-rate professors, manifesting the most vehement transport at her success, with a frank disdain of envy and all unworthy feeling.

I am, ever faithfully, yours,

WILLIAM ASPULL.

REUNION DES ARTS.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

MY DEAR SIR.—At first, after hastily glancing through the letters of Mr. Augustus F. Westmeath, Chairman, and Mr. Willert Beale, the worthy hon. secretary of the "Réunion des Arts," I was fearful that I had committed a serious breach against Mr. Kiallmark in my letter of inquiries concerning him, of last week; and at once sat down to pen an apology to that gentleman for any hastily used expressions. But I can only assure Mr. K. I am very happy to find the onus of the ungentlemanly transaction removed from his shoulders—for ungentlemanly I still think it, despite the two letters of explanation I refer to—and sincerely hope he will release me from the charge of a personal attack, which my letter certainly would imply. I confess I wrote hastily, feeling much annoyed to find a musical man—no matter whether Mr. Flowers, or Mr. Anybody-else—so unceremoniously treated; and I only regret Mr. K. allowed himself to be the instrument to commit such an act of unkindness toward a brother professor! To say the least of it, it was an unkind act; and, such a one that no society, however private or exclusive, could justify itself in committing against any artist! I am quite sure Mr. Flowers would be one of the last men to obtrude himself where he knew, or even thought, he should not be received with courtesy. It seems extraordinary that two of the directors should have spoken with him courteously on his entering the room, and yet another should afterwards openly ask him his business there! Why was not Mr. Kiallmark deputed to inform Mr. Flowers, *sotto voce*, that he was a trespasser, and must therefore withdraw from that *sanctum sanctorum*? Politeness and kindness cost so very little, that everyone may have them at command; and, certainly with English human nature, much more can be accomplished by their means, than by the brusqueness and incivility one so often meets with; especially in London, where frequently there seems no time for obliging civility to show itself!

The title of the Society as the "Réunion des Arts," seems to me a misnomer, which the passage in Mr. Willert Beale's letter stating that the managing powers hoped the Society would "promote a friendly intercourse, and an exchange of ideas among artists of the different professions, to attain which object, every care has been taken to make the meetings of its members MOST EXCLUSIVE!"—does not render the less inexplicable! for, how a Society can be established for the express purpose of "friendly intercourse and exchange of ideas among artists of the different professions," and yet be considered upon the "most exclusive" system, only admitting a favoured few, honoured with express invitations, I am at a loss to understand? To such a Society, ALL recognised professors ought to have full access, as Freemasons have to the assemblies of their brethren throughout the whole world, on giving the "password." Their doors should ever be open to those worthy of entrance, and a cordial welcome given to men of education and intellect.

The members of the "Réunion des Arts" may say—"Oh! this must be a friend of Flowers! We'll serve him as we did the

other."—They are welcome to do so when they catch me insane enough to present myself *uninvited* at their august assemblies! I confess myself a friend of Mr. Flowers, and at the same time proud to be among those who honour him as an artist and a man, valuing his friendship, and heartily wishing his talents were more fully honoured, and his courtesy more generally appreciated and imitated!

I cannot believe Mr. Willert Beale, gentleman as he is, would sanction any man, or body of directors, in openly wounding any man's feelings, or summarily ejecting him from any assembly he has connection with. I only regret that Mr. B., like myself, has written hastily; though I have some little in my favour, as Mr. Flowers has also in his,—the fact of my being unacquainted with the *exclusiveness* of the Society, when I wrote, as Mr. Flowers was when he dared to enter the room of the "Réunion des Arts."

I cannot either believe that the directors of the Society will continue the minute (inserted in last week's *Musical World*) in its present uncereceremonious and uncourteous language! Should they, however, do so, it would be a boon towards all the professional world if they would have it well placarded over the country, and affixed to the outer doors of their assembly-room as a warning to all who might be rash enough to contemplate a visit to the "Réunion" uninvited! 'Twould not be a bad plan either if, in order to make the "private nature of the Society" thoroughly public, the committee would engage one of Sibthorp's abominations, a monster travelling advertising van, thereby at once arresting the attention of the public to the notices posted on its sides!

Sincerely do I trust the directors of the "Réunion des Arts" will be induced to reconsider their rules; and if they can, without degrading the Society too much, so constitute the laws that any recognised and respectable artist can have admission to their meetings, it would be a step in the right direction, and go far to establish that kindly feeling of unanimity which is so wanting, especially in the musical profession.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Editor, ever sincerely yours,

INQUIRER.

Birmingham, May 17, 1853.

REUNION DES ARTS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR—The Committee of this Society have just passed a law that might subject the greatest artists of the age to insult; it is therefore necessary to make it most public, lest any should make the mistake I did in this "private house." I did not know the law, and therefore was no breaker of it; how then my pupil, Mr. Willert Beale, can urge that "Mr. Kialmark evinced more respect for me, than I who was noisily turned out of an assembly," puzzles his master. Had Mr. K. quietly informed me of the new law, I should have as quietly retired. It was not the act, but the rude performance of it I complain of, which I think approaches to high life below stairs! Mr. K. told a lady that he attended my concert with others to laugh, and went away "astonished and delighted." I did not turn Mr. K. out of the room, although I gave him no ticket to attend the concert, I should be ashamed to do so to any public professor. My pupil defends Mr. Kialmark's rudeness; on this account I recur to the subject.

I am, Sir, yours truly.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

QUARTET ASSOCIATION.

The third concert was a good one. The programme, interesting and varied, enjoyed the advantage of first-rate execution; and the audience, very numerous, entered heartily into the spirit of the music. The selection was as follows:—

| | | |
|---|------------------|--------------|
| Quartet, in F, No. 1, Op. 70 | ... | Ries. |
| Sonata, in B flat, pianoforte and violoncello | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| Quartet, in E flat, No. 12 | ... | Beethoven. |
| Variations | } pianoforte ... | { Handel. |
| Gavotte | | |
| | | { Bach. |

The quartet of Ferdinand Ries was worth a hearing. Without being absolutely original, it is not precisely a copy from any other master. It exhibits the same mediocrity of invention, accompanied by the same musician-like facility for which the composer's works in every style—from oratorio, opera, and symphony, down to simple pianoforte variations—are unexceptionably remarkable. In the first three movements there is much excellent writing; and the Russian melody, which forms the subject of the *andante* (introduced in complement to Prince Radziwil, to whom Ries dedicated the set of quartets of which the present is No. 1), is varied with great ingenuity and cleverness. The quartet was irreproachably executed by Messrs. Cooper, Sainton, Hill, and Piatti; and the audience were evidently pleased. The No. 12 of Beethoven was quite another affair. Not a great many years since, this sublime composition was a sealed book to amateurs and professors in England. It was looked upon as extravagant and impracticable—although, even during the lifetime of its composer, it was played by the Schuppanzigh party at Vienna, and by Baillot, in Paris—and was consequently abandoned. No. 1 of three quartets the composition of which was suggested by Prince Galitzin, to whom Beethoven inscribed them, the No. 12 (Op. 127), ranks as the first of what are designated (erroneously, as Mr. Macfarren has demonstrated in his analytical programme) the "Posthumous Quartets"—all of which were printed and published under the superintendence and during the life of the author, and have, therefore, no claim to be entitled "Posthumous." The execution of this original and elaborate work, by M. Sainton and his coadjutors, displayed a delicacy, refinement, and spirit unusual even at this association, where so near an approach to perfection in the art of quartet-playing has been attained. The *scherzo*, one of the most singular essays of Beethoven in this peculiar form of movement, of which he was the inventor, made a deep impression; and the *finale*, as rich in ideas as it is abundant in contrapuntal contrivances, was listened to with equal attention and delight. Every movement was applauded.

Not the least interesting feature in the morning's performances was the pianoforte playing of Mademoiselle Clauss. The fine duet of Mendelssohn (of which Mr. Macfarren has given a long and interesting account in the programme), executed by this gifted young lady and Signor Piatti, was a musical treat of a high order. The first and last movements were given with the utmost spirit; while in the quaint and beautiful *andante*, those qualities of touch and expression for which Mademoiselle Clauss is deservedly celebrated were employed with admirable effect. Her reading of this movement showed a congenial sympathy with the composer. The violoncello playing of Signor Piatti was, as usual, faultless. At the end of the concert Mademoiselle Clauss performed the variations of Handel in E, from the *Suites de Pièces* (best known as the "Harmonious Blacksmith"), and a *Gavotte* and trio of John Sebastian Bach, one of the most pleasing trifles of that venerated musician. Her execution of Handel's variations was thoroughly in the spirit of the music, and caused regret that she had not introduced the whole of the *suite* of which they merely form a part. At the conclusion of her performance Mademoiselle Clauss was greeted with a burst of genuine and well-merited applause.—*Times*.

BEETHOVEN'S TWELFTH QUARTET.

(From the Morning Post.)

The great feature in the last concert (of the Quartett Association) was the very fine execution of Beethoven's wonderful quartet in E flat, No. 12, by the directors, Messrs Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti. This extraordinary production bristles with difficulties. Rhythm so unusual and perplexingly complicated, that the slightest miscalculation on the part of one of the performers might throw all into hopeless confusion—passages in extreme keys, fraught with danger to the players' intonation—constant changes of time, and unexpected modulations, are some of the obstacles which must be got over before even a correct delivery of the mere notes can be given. But much more remains to be encountered. Expression, the greatest of all arts, has to be applied to these

tones—the spirit of Beethoven, summoned back to earth by the potent spells of kindred genius, must breathe again, telling us of his immortality. Here, indeed, is the touchstone of executive art. To play notes in time and tune is something, certainly; but to revivify them with that glowing life, that deep spiritual significance, that divine rapture, which animated the composer as they gushed spontaneously from his heart and brain—this is the player's highest triumph. The incessant beauty, the exhaustless imagination, and sustained power of this work, expressed in almost every form of rhythm and harmony, cannot be described in words. Its inspiration flows in a continuous stream of fire, whose light reveals to us a new world of music, where none but gifted spirits can hope to enter, and a mere map of it would convey no idea whatever of its vital beauties.

Greater praise could hardly be bestowed upon the performers than the admission that they proved themselves fully equal to the interpretation of this great creation. The playing of Sainton, who led, and, consequently, gave the tone to his coadjutors, has the first claim to our attention; and, having had the most arduous parts to perform, the success he achieved merits the largest amount of praise. We are aware that, in the "harmonic melodies" of Beethoven, where a multitude of sweet thoughts work together in loving concert, interchanging their rhythmic eloquence, where Apollo's spirit animates equally every portion of the speaking harmony, it would be impossible to separate one part from the rest, or impart to it an independent interest. It would, indeed, be wrong in the artist to aim at such egotistical predominance, to attempt the establishment of an isolated power, and absolute sway, in that which may be termed the republic of the realms of sound. But still, as the whole must be guided by one purpose, one leading idea, and, as Beethoven has assigned to his first violin the task of deciding the measure and regulating the style of expression to be observed by its brother instruments, the person to whom it is entrusted must needs be burdened with greater responsibility than the others. It is for him to interpret, whilst himself obeying the laws that regulate the whole, of which, notwithstanding, he is but a part. He cannot individually preponderate, but he must enforce a due fulfilment of the composer's will.

To M. Sainton, therefore, the highest eulogy is due! for the admirable efforts of his coadjutors were necessarily informed by his conception.

Seldom have we heard a great and difficult work so worthily rendered; and the enthusiastic applause which followed the close of each movement proved how thoroughly the performers had succeeded in making the deep musical poetry of Beethoven intelligible to their auditors.

Reviews of Music.

"POP GOES THE WEASEL POLKA," as danced at the Court Balls, Almack's, &c., &c.—Composed and arranged for the Pianoforte, by R. GUINNESS. Duff and Hodgson.

What's in a name? A great deal say we. Now the above is a good polka name and an enticing, and is certain to attract young novitiates of the dance and dance music. But the "Pop goes the Weasel Polka," has more than its name to recommend it. It is a good polka of its sir and christian name. Mr. Guinness has written it stoutly, and by little eccentricities of rhythm has rendered it characteristic and peculiar, if not original. Moreover, in certain bars he has added the words "Pop goes the Weasel" for chorus, which will have quite a novel effect. We hope in the sale the polka may go off like "pop,"

"A MORNING SERVICE"—Te Deum and Jubilate, with Ten Double Chants, for Four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ. Composed for the Choir of Quebec Chapel, London. By H. Handel Gear. J. Alfred Novello.

Mr. Handel Gear has approached his subject in a very calm and unpretending spirit. Like the preachers of old who depended for their effects on their earnestness and singleness of purpose, despising altogether the embroidery of eloquence and the profundity of pedantry, he has eschewed contrapuntal intricacies, and the shows

of huge learning, and has gone through his task simply and plainly, but with an ease that declares him quite at home in simplicity and plainness. The direct straight-forward writing in Mr. Handel Gear's service, cannot fail to recommend it strongly to such as think that devotion is best expressed in homely phrase, and that subtlety of treatment, elaboration, and a search after novelty are entirely out of place in a devotional subject. What Mr. Handel Gear has aimed at he has hit. Mozart did no more when he accomplished *Don Giovanni*, nor William Tell when he shot the apple off his son's head.

"THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER, FATHER OF ALL! IN EVERY AGE."

The celebrated Ode, by POPE; the Music adapted from a Chorale, by FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER, with an accompaniment for the Organ, Harmonium, or Pianoforte. By R. ANDREWS. R. Andrews.

Mr. R. Andrews has had some difficulty in adapting the words of Pope to Schneider's Chorale, originally written to German words. He has accomplished his task, nevertheless, with much ability. The chorale is arranged for two sopranos and alto, two tenors and two basses. The harmonies are rich and tasteful, and the music expresses admirably the high devotional feeling of the poet's words. Friedrich Schneider could hardly have found a more expert adapter than Mr. R. Andrews, and his chorale, we have no doubt, will obtain no small degree of popularity, from its being presented to the public in so excellent and practical a form.

"MAY FLOWERS.—By HENRI BERTRAND.—Nos. 1, 2, 3. A. W. Hammond.

These are choice selections of airs taken from familiar operas, and arranged for the pianoforte so as to constitute pleasing garlands of melodies exhibited in an attractive and useful form. The airs in No. 1 are taken from *Lucrezia Borgia*, in No. 2, from *Don Giovanni*, and No. 3, *L'Elisir d'amore*. Each piece contains an introduction written in a characteristic and imitative style, *Il Don Giovanni* being especially happy. The general arrangement is excellent, and the adaptation of the individual melodies, rendering them easy to the performer without offering any important alteration, indicates the nicest taste and skill. Mr. Henri Bertrand's May Flowers may be recommended as elegant and useful studies for the tender pupil.

"MACBETH QUADRILLES."—By HENRI BERTRAND.—Jullien and Co.

Henri Bertrand's "Macbeth Quadrilles" are not the first quadrilles founded on Locke's popular music to Shakespeare's tragedy. But if not the first, they are certainly not the least good. The manager has presented them in a highly agreeable form, and has chosen the very pith of the music and set it pithily. The splendidly coloured frontispiece, from the pen of Brandard, illustrating a scene from *Macbeth* as performed at the Princess's Theatre, with graphic likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, will find favour in the eyes of many for its own sake, and will add to the general attraction of the piece.

MUSIC AND FRIENDS. By WILLIAM GARDINER.—London: Longman and Co.

This work, under the secondary title of "Pleasant Recollections of a Filetante," confers infinite credit on its talented author, Mr. Gardiner, who is already favourably known to the literary world as the writer of "Sacred Melodies," "Oratorio of Judah," &c., and also as the editor of the "Lives of Haydn and Mozart."

The present volume touches on so many subjects, and so pleasantly treated, that it is somewhat difficult which particular one to select by way of extract. Indeed the author has pretty well dived into everything social and political, intermixing his pleasant anecdotes and sketches with songs of all descriptions and metres, accompanied by the music type, so that practical utility is combined with good readable entertainment. Numerous "lights of other days" are successfully introduced into Mr. Gardiner's pages; and amongst them are the dramatic names of Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neale, Miss Farren, &c., as also of the musicians Drs. Croft,

Green, and Boyce. In another portion of the work the author gives a capital condensed account of the French revolution of 1789, terminating with the death of Louis XVI., and with other Republican horrors too frightful to mention in pages unstained with blood. Mr. Gardiner has evidently travelled much, and to a purpose. He has not been a "voyageur" with closed eyes, like too many people who profess to be tourists, and who return home as light-headed as when they set out. To sum up, in Mr. Gardiner's volume may be found history, politics, the drama, and music delightfully intermingled; and, as far as we can judge, there is not a page in the whole book that does not abound in amusement and instruction. If "variety be charming," the reader can be well accommodated in the above "Recollections of a Dilettante."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

VERDI's semi-serious, or rather melodramatic opera, *Rigoletto*, was produced for the first time in this country on Saturday. The reputation this work has gained on the continent is considerable. Perhaps not one of the composer's operas—if we except *Ernani*—has had such a decided success. In all the principal Italian theatres it has now become one of the stock pieces, and is being played at this moment in twenty or thirty different houses. In some of the German states, too, it has been produced with great applause, and last year at St. Petersburg, in the Imperial Theatre, may be said to have achieved a *furor*, with nearly the same cast as that of Saturday night at the Royal Italian Opera. The success has not been all owing to the music. The drama, although highly objectionable in its principal features, is interesting and absorbing, and the chief characters drawn and coloured with wonderful art. The peculiarity of the scenic effects; the splendour and magnificence of the decorations; the life, bustle, and vitality manifested throughout, have combined to render it popular with most audiences. Besides this, the immorality and repulsiveness, so obtrusive in the French play from which the libretto of the opera is taken, are partly concealed or modified in the Italian version, so that *Rigoletto* may be said to be a paraphrase rather than a translation of Victor Hugo's *Le Roi qui s'amuse*.

If the new opera on Saturday night did not achieve an eminent success, it must be attributed solely to the want of any great interest in the music. The cast was a very powerful one, including, for the principal persons, the names of Mario, Ronconi, Madame Bosio and Madame Nantier Didiée, with Tagliafico and Polonini for the secondary, but important ones. The scenery was exquisitely beautiful and striking, the *mise en scene* splendid in the extreme, and the dresses rich and appropriate. It must have been a sad affair indeed that did not escape failure under the circumstances. But *Rigoletto* not only escaped failure, but was, indeed, in a measure successful. Nothing could surpass Ronconi's acting, which was singularly powerful and varied throughout; and Mario, though his part, histrionically speaking, was beneath him, sang transcendantly. Madame Bosio, too, sang very finely, and Madame Nantier Didiée, who only appeared in the last act, sustained her part with great ability.

Our readers, doubtless, have ere this obtained an inkling of the plot of *Rigoletto*, from the daily papers. They have also heard the various opinions concerning Verdi's music,—how much lauded by one side, how much dispraised by another. To our simple understanding Verdi's *Rigoletto* appears inferior to his *Nabucco*, *Ernani*, *Due Foscari*, and others, which have escaped our remembrance, but decidedly superior to his *Macbeth*, *I Masnadieri*, *Lombardi* and *Luisa Miller*, although these have had their strong supporters.

There is little offensive music in *Rigoletto*; the ears are seldom stunned than in most of the composer's other works, and there is, we fancy, less pretence in the writing. Nevertheless, Verdi's sins are apparent in every scene. Poverty of ideas, an eternal effort at originality—never accomplished, strange and odd phrases, lack of coloring, and a perpetual swagger in the dramatic effects, are unmistakably true Verdi. Most of all the composer is deficient in the serious parts, and poor Ronconi, with all the fire and power of his genius, could not lend interest to his music. Yet there are airs—melodies, if you will—in *Rigoletto*, which are sure to find favour with the barrel-organs. First of all is the *ballata* in the last act, "Donna e mobile," so enchantingly sung by Mario, a very pleasing and catching tune, if not new, and worked out with effect. There is an agreeable tune, too, in the duet between Ronconi and Madame Bosio, in the second scene; and another in the aria of Gilda, in the same scene. Mario's first song, also, we fancy, will find many admirers. A quartet in the last act, skilfully managed and well voiced, is the best piece in the opera. In the theatres of Italy it creates a *furor*. At the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday night it was encored.

With all that has been accomplished for *Rigoletto* by the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, it cannot live. It may flicker and flare up for a few nights, fed from the oil of Ronconi's genius, and blown into momentary vitality by the soft breathings of Mario's voice; but it will go out like an ill-wicked rush-light, and leave not a spark behind. Such is our prophecy for *Rigoletto*!

Provincial.

DUBLIN.—The third concert of the twenty-seventh season of the Philharmonic Society, was graced last week by one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled in the Ancient Concert Room. The vocalists were Mrs. Sims Reeves, Madame Weiss, Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Amongst the instrumentalists, the only new face we saw was that of a flautist, Herr Reichert, a young German, who made his bow unannounced save by the simple line, "Flautist—Herr Reichert," in the programme, but who took the audience completely by surprise, and we may say by storm, were it not that in point of fact the storm was of applause, raised by the audience themselves. But, *Place aux dames*. After an orchestral opening *sinfonia* in E flat, by Mozart, Madame and Mr. Weiss sang a German duet, by Nicolai, "The exile's return." Mr. Weiss is much improved in style and appearance since we last heard him. He has grown fuller in person, which takes from his former height, and he uses his voice with more ease. Of Madame, it is sufficient to say that she sang as sweetly as ever. Mrs. Sims Reeves sang the popular scena from Pacini's *Didone*, "Il Soave," which narrowly escaped an encore. Then followed Beethoven's "Adelaide," by Mr. Sims Reeves. The "great English tenor," whose appearance was heartily greeted, sang it in most delicious style. He was in splendid voice, and evidently bent on pleasing, to desire which with him is to ensure success. The cantata was rapturously and most deservedly encored, and Mr. Sims Reeves sang the entire song over again, if possible, more magnificently than at first. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam sang a pretty little ballad with very silly little words. Miss Fitzwilliam is an especial favourite of ours, and she can sing ballads and sweet little ditties as few can. She sang "Oh, what's Love?" so sweetly that we could not help wishing she had been set down for some Irish melody. Herr Reichert played his first fantasia on the flute, and of his performance it would be impossible to speak too highly; his execution is something really marvellous. We remember in our younger days to have heard a gentleman sing a song, and accompany himself on the flageolet, a performance which cost us a great many pence for whistles to practise (alas! vainly) an imitation on. But Herr

Reichert plays duets, and we have no doubt he can play trios on a single flute. He touches octaves with such wondrous rapidity and precision that it is difficult to believe there are not two separate instruments being played upon, and he produces a bass such as we never before heard from a flute. We understand that this gentleman is engaged by M. Jullien for his American tour—and a very great acquisition he will be to the Maestro's orchestra.—The second part of the concert opened with the brilliant overture to *Les Naiades*, after which Miss Fitzwilliam sang another ballad, "O lovely maid," by Goldberg. Then came the duet, "Da quel di," from *Linda di Chamouni*, by Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves. It was a feast of harmony, to which the audience listened in wrapt silence, and at the conclusion burst into a storm of applause which was only stilled by a repetition. A comic song by Mr. Weiss, from Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, "I'm a roamer bold and gay," relieved the seriousness of the entertainment. It gave Mr. Weiss an opportunity of displaying not only the powers and compass of his voice, but a deal of humour, and amidst cheers and laughter he was obliged to repeat it. Herr Reichert played another fantasia on the flute, introducing the *Thema le Carnaval de Venise*, and, if possible, more successful than before. Madame Weiss sang a little song—another, we regret to say, of the namby-pamby sort—but was called on to repeat it. In the solo by Sims Reeves, "Spirito gentil," from *La Favorita*, he almost surpassed himself. In obedience to a unanimous encore, he placed himself at the piano, and sang Eliza Cook's well-known plaintive ditty, "The old arm-chair." A trio by Miss Fitzwilliam, Madame and Mr. Weiss, and the overture to *Abon Hassan*, concluded the evening.

MANCHESTER.—Dr. Bexfield delivered his concluding lecture last week to a numerous audience. The subjects were madrigals and glees. Madrigals, Dr. Bexfield stated, were first brought from Italy during the reign of Henry VIII. There were a great number of madrigal societies in England, and the one at Bristol stood foremost. The first illustration was the madrigal of Waelrent, ("O'er desert plains," the melody of which was pure and simple. The madrigal by Orlando Gibbons, "The silver swan," which Dr. Bexfield described as one of the best of this writer's compositions, formed the second illustration. The melody was pure—the minor parts melodious and flowing—the bass noble and marked. One of the oldest madrigals which we possessed was "Down in a flowery vale," by Festa, which consisted of natural and simple melody, pure and bold harmony, and correct rhythm. This madrigal was also sung and loudly applauded. Dr. Bexfield then treated of the glee, which, according to Mr. Hogarth, was considered peculiar to England. Distinguished composers, almost every English musician had written glees, and men of genius had devoted themselves exclusively to these productions. The best glee writer was Webbe, one of whose compositions, "Discord, dire sister," was then sung, and enthusiastically encored. It was followed by the best of Webbe's glees, "When winds breathe soft." Dr. Callcott's works next claimed attention, of which many were stated to be in manuscript, consisting chiefly of anthems, services, and exercises. His fame, however, was built upon his glees, one of the best of which, "Oh, snatch me swift," formed the next illustration. After Stevens' "Ye spotted snakes," which Dr. Bexfield contrasted with Mendelssohn's, from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the composer whose works were next illustrated was Dr. Crotch. Dr. Bexfield stated the present state of musical art in England was such that many of Crotch's works still remained on the dusty shelves of various musical professors. This was much to be regretted, but the fault must be attributed more to the composer himself than to public neglect. The glee, "Methinks I hear," which was here sung, was remarkable for its accurate poetical feeling. Horsley was one of the best of English part writers, but like many of our classical composers, some of his best works existed in manuscripts only. Horsley might truly be said to be the last remaining link that held the present race of musicians to those of by-gone times. This composer's glee for four voices, "By Celia's arbour," was then sung in a manner which called forth the utmost applause. Dr. Bexfield, in alluding to Sir Henry Bishop, observed that no musician of eminence was so little regarded in the present day as this composer. As one who was deeply versed in the works of

Handel, he was consulted only for convenience. He deeply regretted that one who so thoroughly understood the orchestra, and who knew most of the oratorios from memory, should be allowed for one moment to remain inactive, while others of less knowledge and genius, were allowed to fill his place. The lecture concluded by an illustration of Bishop's glee, "Where art thou, beam of light?"—*Manchester Courier*.

LEEDS MUSICAL UNION.—The fourth and last dress concert of this society took place on Monday evening last at the Music Hall, in the presence of a crowded and fashionable audience. The performers were Madame Marie Doria, Herr Staudigl, and M. Silas (pianist), together with a full chorus, and Mr. Spark as conductor. Madame Doria sang for the first time in Leeds, and the impression which she made was decidedly a favourable one. Combined with a fine person and pleasing expression of countenance, she possesses a voice of remarkable power, sweetness, flexibility, and extensive compass. She sings with great animation of style, and with much taste and expression. Her intonation, however, is not faultless, and neither should we say is her reading always correct. Passing by these drawbacks, she is a valuable addition to our foreign vocal stars, and it would afford us great pleasure again to hear her in Leeds. Her most successful piece was decidedly the lovely melody from *Semiramide*, "Bel raggio," the effect of which was greatly heightened by the choral accompaniments which are so beautifully dispersed through this, one of Rossini's finest inspirations. Madame Doria also sang with Herr Staudigl the duet, by Nicolai, "O du geliebte" with a depth and power of expression which brought forth an enthusiastic encore. Herr Staudigl is a great artist—great in his musical knowledge and in the correct manner in which he sings all the music which he undertakes—great in power, expression, and style; the distinct and fine articulation of the words—in all these qualities he is a model for ordinary vocalists. Herr Staudigl's voice, however, is not equal to what it was ten years ago, especially in the upper part of his register, where he frequently shows that time has laid its unsparring hand upon one of the finest vocal organs ever heard. His first song, "O! wie will ich triumphiren," one of Mozart's most beautiful compositions, was delivered with that gusto and spirit which its character demands, and would probably have been encored had it been later in the programme. His share of the duet by Nicolai with Madame Doria we have alluded to. Staudigl's singing in this was superb, and by many it was thought to be the gem of the evening. In Mozart's air, "Isis and Osiris," from the *Zauberflöte*, which was admirably accompanied by the chorus, he exhibited those fine deep sustained bass notes for which the famous German basso has always been celebrated. The effective song by Hatton, "Revenge," was sung by Staudigl with so much point and spirit as to call forth an uproarious encore, for which, by request, he substituted Schubert's fine song "The Wanderer." It was given with a style and expression which we have never heard surpassed, and was little short of perfection. We next notice with great pleasure the *debut* in Leeds of M. Sias, the distinguished composer and pianist, who, in a difficult duet by Mendelssohn (played by himself and Mr. Spark), and in two charming *morceaux*, "La Berceuse" and "La Truite," exhibited powers of the very highest order as a pianist. Being rapturously encored in the exquisite performance of his solos, he, at the request of the committee, exhibited those extraordinary extemporaneous powers by which he has achieved amongst distinguished musicians, both at home and abroad, great reputation. The melody "Home, sweet home," which was named by one of the audience, was treated by M. Sias in a most masterly and effective manner, and called forth at its conclusion thunders of applause. M. Sias may be sure at all times of a hearty welcome to Leeds. The chorus, which, we understand, numbered over a hundred voices, sang in all the pieces allotted to them most effectively. Indeed, we never heard a finer choral body in Leeds. What seemed to us to be most needed in their performances was, that attention to light and shade which has obtained for their less numerous, but not less powerful, rivals at the People's Concerts such well earned fame. We cannot omit noticing the precision and force with which the full hunting chorus of Mendelssohn, the chorus from *Zauberflöte*, and Hatton's lovely part-songs, were given. Their

performance was a credit alike to themselves and their conductor, and was warmly applauded by the audience.

Mr. Spark appeared in the triple character of pianist, conductor, and accompanist, in all of which offices he displayed that great ability which has so deservedly won for him the eminent position he now occupies in musical matters in this town. The concert very properly terminated with the National Anthem, Madame Doria and Herr Staudigl taking the solos, in which the audience joined in chorus. After the concert a ball was given, at which about 100 of the subscribers and their friends remained to "trip upon the light fantastic toe." The dancing was kept up with much spirit till about two o'clock, and the greatest satisfaction and good humour seemed to prevail.

COLCHESTER.—On Thursday 12th inst., Mr. Henry Phillips gave his "Illustrations of the Sacred Music of Handel and Haydn," at the Public Hall. The interior of the hall having been recently coloured, presented a beautiful appearance, and the walls were agreeably relieved by classic paintings and medallions. The audience was numerous and highly respectable. All were delighted with the evening's entertainment. It would be impossible to make a selection of the most successful pieces—everything was good; there was nothing second-rate. Mr. Phillips succeeded in drawing the most hearty applause from an audience, comprising many whose musical skill enabled them to relish the performance. We must not forget to do justice to the gentleman who accompanied Mr. Phillips on the pianoforte. Mr. Pegler, of Colchester, is too well known and respected in the musical world to require any introduction by us; but it is due to him to say that on Thursday evening he discharged his arduous duties with the most perfect skill. Mr. Phillips, before singing the last piece, paid a high and a just tribute to Mr. Pegler. He stated that he had been accompanied by gentlemen of every description—professional and amateur—but he had never before met with one so perfect in every point, and who had accompanied him so well. On leaving the platform, the heartiest applause was bestowed upon both gentlemen, and the charmed audience reluctantly quitted the scene of so much enjoyment. We hope soon to be able to announce another visit by Mr. Phillips to the same place.—*Ipswich Express*.

CHELTEMHAM.—Madame Montignani, pianiste, has taken up her residence in this town as successor to Miss Clara Loveday, who retires from the profession. Madame Montignani has been Professor at the Academy in Bologna, and gained the first prize there. She has performed at concerts of the highest class in Milan, Turin, Florence, Genoa, and Paris.

SELECT GLEANINGS FOR MUSIC.

"We're all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps;
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's!
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls."

(From Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes.)

Old mother Niddity Nag, swore by the pudding bag
She would go to Stoken fair;
And then old father Peter said he would meet her,
Before she got half way there.

(From the same collection of sweet verses.)

Miscellaneous.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESSER, an eminent pianist from Frankfort, is amongst the host of newly arrived artists. If report speak true of his merits, he will not fail to gain popularity, notwithstanding the monstrous influx of foreign celebrities.

AUGUST MÜLLER, the giant "contra basso" from Darmstadt, will pay a flying visit to the metropolis; we shall be glad to see his happy face and hear him play; he has the power of Lablache, Forster, and Staudigl united, in his contra basso.

HARMONIC UNION.—On Wednesday evening, 4th instant, this

new society, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, performed Mr. Henry Leslie's very clever festival anthem, "Let God Arise," and the *Creation*. On Wednesday last, Mr. H. H. Pierson's new oratorio, *Jerusalem*, was given for the first time. The principal singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Endersohn, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Lockett, Herr Staudigl, and Signor Gardoni.

RE-UNION DES ARTS.—The *Soiree Musicale* provided for the members last Wednesday evening, at their elegant rooms, 76, Harley-street, commenced with Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*, performed by Madlle. Staudack (piano,) and Herr Goffrie (violin,) and was much applauded. The lady, a new arrival, played also a Nocturne by Chopin, and Saltarelle by Stephen Heller, and proved herself an artist of the first rank. The other novelties were Madlle. Bauer, who sang the grand *Scena* from *Der Freischütz* capitally, Herr Kumpel, who is gifted with a tenor voice of very fine quality, and Herr Reichardt, who delighted the audience with several songs. Herr Hausmann played a very pleasing violoncello solo of his own, on operatic airs, and M. T. H. Wright and Herr Oberthür a duo for two harps, on airs from the *Huguenots*, very well and effectively arranged by Herr Oberthür. The German Vocal Quartet, Herren, Baermann, Lane, Kuchler, and Ainsley, pleased so much as to elicit two encores. Among the audience present were Hector Berlioz, and many artists of eminence in different branches.

QUARTET ASSOCIATION.—The above association goes on most prosperously, and promises to surpass every other institution of the same kind in the metropolis. The superior excellence of its quartet performances is to be ascribed to the system of employing always the same artists, who, by practising frequently together, and thereby becoming thoroughly acquainted with each other's style, attain to a perfectness of *ensemble* which could not be produced by any other means. The electric current of thought flows in a sympathetic stream from mind to mind, when, as in this instance, one conception, the result of united study, governs the whole, and players of even higher individual talent (could such be found) would, if thrown casually together, fail in giving that effect to the masterpieces of concerted music which forms the peculiar attraction of the Quartet Association concerts. All musicians have heard of the celebrated Schuppanzigh quartet party of Vienna, composed always of the same performers; and, in later times, the inimitable playing of the Brothers Müller, has afforded one more striking proof of the advantages derivable only from the system we advocate. Another important consideration is, that the more familiar the players become with each others *Kunst-sinn*, and manner of expression, the more perfect will be their general execution. Constant improvement may, therefore, be reasonably looked for in the performances of "The Quartet Association," and we will venture to say that, if it continues steadily in the judicious course it has hitherto followed, a very short time will suffice to place it beyond the reach of rivalry.—*Morning Post*.

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Mrs. John Macfarren gave her first *Matinée* on Saturday, the 7th, when she was assisted by MM. Benedict, Sinton and Piatti, as instrumentalists, and by Mdme. Macfarren, Miss Bassano, Miss Cicely Nott, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. Alfred Pierre, as vocalists. Mrs. John Macfarren played, with Sinton and Piatti, Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Mendelssohn's *Charakteristisch Stucke*, No. 4, and rondino "The Rivulet;" with Sinton, Beethoven's sonata in G (No. 3, op. 30), for piano and violin; Thalberg's Introduction Theme et Etude (No. 3, in A minor); and with Benedict, Pixis' Grand Duo, a la Militaire, for two pianofortes. To play so frequently pieces of such importance and length as the above, indicates no inconsiderable stamina, especially when the performances are sustained to the end with unflinching vigour. But Mrs. Macfarren has other merits besides that of force. She is a most graceful and elegant pianist, and distinguished herself on Saturday morning to the entire satisfaction of a very numerous and fashionable audience. The Concert was given under the Patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Camden, Countess of Bradford, Lady Carmichael Anstruther, &c., &c. The second *Matinée* is announced for June 4th.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—Madame Schwab's annual evening concert took place here on Tuesday. The fair pianist was assisted by the following vocalists:—Mdme. Marie Doria; Mdme.

F. Lablache; Miss Williams; Miss Messent; Madlle. Norie; and Madlle. Favanti; Herr Reichart; Mr. Alfred Pierre; and Mr. Frank Bodda; and instrumentalists,—Harp, Herr Oberthur; Violoncello, M. Rousselot; Violin, Herr Jansa; Trombone, Herr Nabieh; and Double Bass, Signor Bottesini. The fair *beneficiaire* played a trio of Beethoven with Herr Jansa and M. Rousselot; and Oberthur's duet for piano and harp, (*Lucrezia Borgia*) with the composer. Mdme. Schwab is a most unpretending pianist, and plays both with delicacy and expression. She was much applauded in both her pieces. The concert was good, and the attendance was good.

M. JACQUART, an eminent violoncellist, strongly recommended by the musical authorities in Paris, has arrived in London.

SIGNOR GORDIGIANI, the most eminent composer of Italian music, has just arrived in town.

LONDON HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL.—The first *conversazione* and *soiree musicale*, was given by the committee on Wednesday evening last, when an excellent programme was provided. The singers and instrumentalists were numerous, the *morceaux* various. We cannot undertake to specify all. Among the vocal items we may allude to Miss Ursula Barclay's "Bird and Maiden," Mdme. Doria's "Bel-raggio," and Staudigl's "Ruddier than the Cherry." Mdme. Verdavainne and Mr. G. A. Osborne—pianists both—bore the bell in the instrumental line. The lady is an admirable player and created an unmistakable sensation in the room. She has a sound, firm touch, and her execution is exceedingly neat and brilliant. She performed a duet with Hausman (cello,) and Weber's "Concert-stucke," both in first-rate style, and with immense effect. Mr. Osborne played two pieces and won the universal suffrages of the audience. Mr. Lowell Phillips conducted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLYMOUTH.—Not yet received.

REGENT STREET.—The commissions have been executed, and have been sent to the party, but she has not yet paid for them.

PENZANCE.—The Music Publishers' Circular being discontinued, the balance of subscriptions will be forwarded to subscribers in a few days.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

G. E. A., Neath; C. K., Lynton; W. S., Leeds.

Just Published,

LOWE'S SELECTION OF

POPULAR COUNTRY DANCES,

WITH their PROPER FIGURES. Dedicated by permission to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. This Work is meant to supply the want to frequently expressed by Families giving Juvenile Parties. Edinburgh: Published by Paterson and Sons. London: Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

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PARISIAN MILLINERY DEPOT. To Cash Purchasers who are anxious to combine the newest and most becoming fashions with the strictest economy, we are now selling the most fashionable and the most becoming bonnets that can be procured in rich French satin or glace silk, 12s. 6d. to 16s. 6d.; mourning bonnets of best patent crape, 14s. 6d. to 16s. 6d.; widow's with veil, 14s. 6d. to 18s. 6d.; Dunstable whole straws, new shape, 2s. 11d. to 5s. 6d.; fine Lutons, 2s. 11d. to 5s. 6d.; fine rice straws, 2s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.; fine Tuscan bonnets, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.; rich fancy Tuscan, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.; Paris made Leghorns, 13s. 6d. to 25s.; white chips for brides, 10s. 6d. to 16s. 6d.; children's Leghorn hats, new shapes, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 11d.; sun-shade flaps, 6s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.; pretty morning caps, 1s. 11d. to 3s. 6d.; dress caps, head-dresses, &c., 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d., at Cranbourne-house, No. 39, Cranbourne-street, or at Economy-house, No. 48, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square. Proprietors, E. WOOLLEY and Company.

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A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.

MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet Street, has introduced an entirely new description of Artificial Teeth, fixed without Springs, Wires, or Ligatures, at strictly moderate charges. They so perfectly resemble the Natural Teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer. They will never change colour or Decay, and will be found very superior to any Teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and are guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed Teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.

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Deputy Chairman—JAMES ANDREW DURHAM, Esq.

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SINCE the objectionable and demoralizing Treasury order, allowing grocers to sell a mixture of chicory and coffee, has been in force, the public have found it difficult to procure PURE GROUND COFFEE at any price. PHILLIPS and Co., tea-merchants, 8, King William-street, City, guarantee the purity of all coffee sold at their establishment, as they do not allow a mixture of chicory and coffee on their premises under any pretence whatever. They are now selling prime coffee at 1s. and 1s. 2d. per lb.; the best Mocha and the best West India coffee, at 1s. 4d.

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Price, 4s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

CAUTION.—The words "Rowlands' Kalydor," are on the Wrapper, and "A. Rowland and Sons, Hatton Garden, London," in red ink at foot. Sold by them and by all Chemists and Perfumers.

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CERTAIN Remedy for Scorbatic Humours, and an astonishing Cure of an old Lady, Seventy years of Age, of a Bad Leg. Copy of a letter from Messrs. Walker and Co., Chemists, Bath. To Professor Holloway, dear Sir, Among the numerous cures effected by the use of your valuable medicines in this neighbourhood, we may mention that of an old lady living in the village of Preston, about five miles from this city. She had ulcerated wounds in her leg for many years and lately they increased to such an alarming extent as to defy all the usual remedies; her health rapidly giving way under the suffering she endured. In this distressing condition she had recourse to your Ointment and Pills, and by the assistance of her friends, was enabled to persevere in their use, until she received a perfect cure. We have ourselves been greatly astonished at the effect on so old a person, she being above 70 years of age. We shall be happy to satisfy any enquiries as to the authenticity of this really wonderful case, either personally or by letter.

A private in the Bath Police Force, also, has been perfectly cured of an old scorbatic affection in the face, after all other means had failed. He states that it is entirely by the use of your Ointment, and speaks loudly in its praise.

We remain, dear Sir, your's faithfully,
(Signed) KERWAL & Co.

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Bad Legs Coco Bay Contracted and Lumbago Scurvy
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N.B. Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.—MONDAY, MAY 23rd.**

THE Directors have the honor to announce that **MONDAY NEXT, MAY 23rd**, will be given as a Subscription Night, in lieu of Saturday August 27. All tickets and tickets therefore for August 27, will be available for Monday, May 23.

On Monday, May 23rd, will be performed for the First Time this Season, Meyerbeer's Grand Romantic Opera,

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

Alice, Mad. Jullienne, (her first appearance this season); Isabella, Mad. Castellan; Elena, Mdle. Besson; Bertramo, Herr Formes; Eraldo, Signor Polonini; Alberto, Signor Rommi; Il Priore, Signor Tagliacozzi; Cavalieri, Signori Mei and Soldi; Rambaldo, Signor Stigelli; and Roberto, Signor Tamberlik. The incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mdle. Marnet, Mdle. Besson, Mdle. Esper, Mdle. Bayville, Mdle. D'Anonio, Mdle. Santi, Mdle. Kolenberg, and M. Desplaces. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa. Commence at Eight, Pit 8s. Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s., and 5s. Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA. HAYDN'S CREATION will be again performed, for the LAST TIME THIS SEASON on FRIDAY next, MAY 27th. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Signor Gardoni, and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each at the Society's office, No. 4 in Exeter Hall. The numerous parties disappointed in procuring Tickets for the performance on the 20th, are advised to apply immediately. The Subscription is one, two, or three guineas per annum, entitling to a Transferable Ticket to each Subscription Concert, of which there are usually eleven, likewise to personal attendance at the rehearsals, which are held in the large hall. Subscribers now entering to Lady-day, 1855, will receive three Tickets for this concert.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

EXTRA NIGHT. On **MONDAY, the 23rd of MAY, HAYDN'S ORATORIO, CREATION.** Conductor—Mr. SURMAN, (founder and twenty years conductor of the Exeter Hall Oratorios). The Oratorio will be preceded by the celebrated Cantata on the birth-day of Her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, composed and conducted by Dr. Elvey (fifth time of performance). Principal Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Stewart, Miss M. Wells, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. H. Phillips, &c. The Band and Chorus will consist of nearly 800 performers. Tickets—Area, 2s.; Reserved Seats, Area or Gallery, 5s.; Central Reserved Seats, numbered, 10s. 6d. To be obtained of any Member of the Committee, or at the only Office of the Society, No. 9, Exeter Hall.

MADAME VERDAVAINNE

HAS the honour to announce that her Annual **GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday, June 15, to commence at half-past Two o'clock, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent artists. Vocalists—Mesdames Louisa Fyne, Hermann, and Herr Fischer. Instrumentalists—Madame Verdavainne, Messrs. Bol-yne Reyses, Viouxtemis, and Hausmann. Conductor, M. Jacques Herz. Reserved Seats and tickets may be had of Mad. Verdavainne, 17, Rutland Street, Regent's Park, and of Robert W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street.

ANNUAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, EXETER HALL.**MR. ALBERT SCHLOSS**

BEGS to Announce that a **GRAND MUSICAL PERFORMANCE** will take place on **MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 6th**, when the following Eminent Artists will appear. Vocalists—Mdle. Anna Zerr, Mdle. Doria, Miss Williams, Mdle. Jenny Baur, (from the Theatre Royal, Mannheim, her first appearance in London), Miss Laura Baxter, Miss Stubbach, Miss Thirwall, and Madame Novello. Signor Gardoni, Herr Reichart, Herr Steadig, and Herr Fischer. Instrumentalists—M. Viouxtemis, Herr Romberg, Signor Botesini, Mr. Pratten, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, and Miss Arabella Goddard. A full Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori; Leader, Mr. Thirwall; Accompanists, Herr Wm. Kuhe and Heinrich Bohrer. Tickets, 1s. and 2s. Reserved Seats, 4s. Galls, (numbered), 7s. To be had of H. N. Hunt, Agent, 370, Strand (two doors east of Exeter Hall), where a plan of the Hall may be seen; also of all the principal Music-sellers, and at the Hall, on the day of the Concert. Doors open a quarter before Seven.

HANDEL SOCIETY.

CRAMER, BEALE, AND CO., beg to inform the Subscribers and the Public, that they have undertaken the pecuniary responsibility of publishing the works, and eventually carrying out the original scheme of the above Society. In undertaking engagements which involve so large an expenditure, they solicit the assistance of the original subscribers, who, they trust, will afford the necessary encouragement to an undertaking, so important and so closely connected with the art of Music.

The first eleven volumes have been printed for Eight years' subscriptions, and new Subscribers may still have the works from the commencement, by payment of the arrears, viz. one guinea annually. The Oratorio of Samson is now in the press, and will be printed for the present year's subscription. Catalogues and full particulars may be obtained by application to the Secretary, No. 201, Regent-street, London.

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(THE BLIND TENOR),

BEGS to inform his Pupils and Concert Givers, that he has returned to London. Address, Lancaster Villa, New Road, Wandsworth Road.

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE.**MRS. W. DIXON**

RESPECTFULLY informs her Friends and the Public, that her **EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the above Rooms, on **MONDAY, MAY 23rd, 1855**, to commence at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Thornton, Mrs. W. Dixon, and Mrs. John Roe, Mr. George Perren, Mr. John Edney, Mr. Gadsby, and Mr. Frank Boddas. Instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. Dando; Concertina, Mr. J. Ward. Conductor—Mr. John Roe. Tickets, 2s. each; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Boxes for Six or Eight Persons, £1. 1s. May be had of the principal Music-sellers, or of Mrs. W. Dixon, 60, Great Portland Street, Portland Place.

RIGOLETTO.**THE MOST FAVORITE PIECES ARE AS FOLLOWS:—**

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| La Donna è mobile, sung by Signor Mario, and encored every evening. ... | 2 | 0 |
| Questa è quella per me; sung by Signor Mario. ... | 2 | 6 |
| Caro nonè; sung by Mdle. Bosio. ... | 2 | 6 |
| Figlia, mio padre, duett; sung by Mdle. Bosio and Signor Ronconi. ... | 4 | 0 |
| Signor principe, duett; sung by Mdle. Bosio and Signor Mario. ... | 4 | 0 |
| Un, di, si ben rammentoni, Quartetto; sung by Mdle. Didice, Signor Mario and Signor Ronconi. ... | 4 | 0 |

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The most favorite Airs for Grand Solo, by R. Nordmann. ... 5 0

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"TELL me, ye winged winds," Topliff, 2s. **"The Moonlit Path,"** and **"A Pilgrim's Rest,"** Mrs. R. Cartwright, 3s. each. **"Ellerton's Funeral March,"** 2s. **"Callcott's Half-hour with Gluck,"** 4s. Also **Mademoiselle Rosalie Thémér's** most popular compositions (list on application). C. Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond Street.

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LINDPAINTEK'S NEW ORATORIO.**"THE WIDOW OF NAIN"**

THE English Version by **DESMOND RYAN, Esq.,** in rehearsal by the New Philharmonic Society for their next Concert, is now publishing, and will be ready on the 1st of JUNE, price 2s., for voice, with pianoforte accompaniment. The Orchestral and Chorus Parts are engraved separately. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street.

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